

10¢

the Lone Ranger

A 32-PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE



Tell-a-Tale Books for children



TELL-A-TALE
BOOKS

EASY-TO-READ, COLORFUL HARD COVERS

HANDY SIZE 5 1/2 x 4 1/2 INCHES

FREE AFTER PAGE-FULL OF COLOR!

R



THE OLD FAVORITES



THE NEW FAVORITES

15¢
EACH

AT STORES
EVERYWHERE



STORIES FOR THE YOUNG MODERNS

Whitman

PUBLISHING COMPANY
RACINE - WISCONSIN

the Lone Ranger

End of the Chase

STOP SHOOTIN'!
LET US OUT OR I'LL
BE BLAZED TO
DEATH!

JUST SHOOTIN' TO KEEPS YOU,
HUNTER, NOT TO COME OUT THAT
MARCH UNLESS YOU'VE GOT YOUR
MILLION DOLLARS WITH YOU!

AS A RANCH NEAR
DUNHORN DO BLAZES...

BLAZES!

BLAZIN'
BLAZES!

BLAZIN' IT'S ALL
THE GRINNIN' WAY!

KEEP COMIN' WESTER,
WE'LL BELIEVE YOU ON
YOUR BLAZIN'!

BLAZIN' IN
RANCH...

--- WENT UP LIKE THUNDER, JUST AS
MY PARTNER SAID IT WOULD! HE
ALWAYS SAID IT TAKES A GOOD
FLAME TO KURE THOSE FOOLS.
TAKE OUT THEIR MILLION DOLLARS!

TERROR SPREADS THROUGH THE RANCHLANDS, AS THE
FIRE BURNS EVERLASTING...

DON'T SHOOT!

EMPTY YOUR POCKETS
OR I'LL EMPTY
OUR COUNTRY!

AN' NO
TROUBLE!

AN' GONE FOR
THE GRINNIN' DOLLARS!

BLAZIN'

BLAZIN'

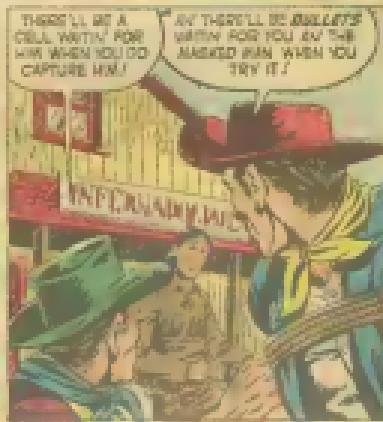
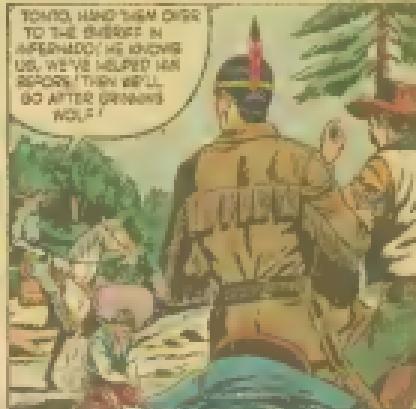


POSTMASTER: Please send copy to Panel 2020 and never delayed under pain of fine \$100.

THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 76, April, 1954. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 225 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. George E. Johnson, Jr., President; Walter M. Kerr, Vice-President; Albert F. Tolokoff, Vice-President. Entered as second-class matter December 12, 1953 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1925. Subscriptions 12 issues \$1.00 U. S. Postage: 20 cents. Single ad admissions: 25¢ U. S. Postage. Copyright 1954 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 225 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1954, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A. Design and print off by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

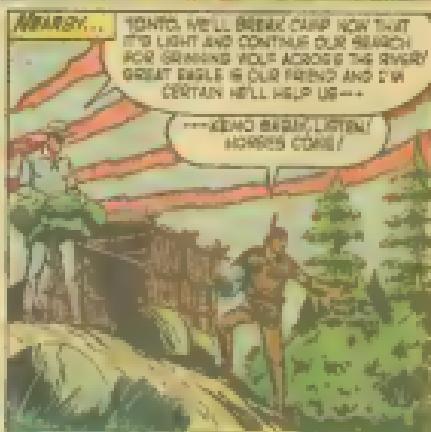
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us six weeks in advance of the next monthly. Give both
your old and new address, including if possible your old address label.













TONTO, THE TWO MEN ARE JAWED AND LONER! SOMEBODY THEY'VE ESCAPED FROM THE INTERROD JAILHOUSE! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHAT THE SHERIFF'S HORSE IS DOING HERE. RIDE ONCE AFTER TODAY!



ANOTHER LATER...



WALKED MAN AND INDIAN CATCH-UP.



NO ONE HAVE HORSES! SQUAW NEED HORSES!

NO ONE ASKED YOU!

LEM MEIGHT! I CAN'T GET HORSES FOR YOU NOW! TODAY THE WHOLE TRIBE GO TO BIG FORT. NOW WITH BROTHERS TAKIN' TURN EVERY HORSE IN CAMP! GREAT EAGLE NOT LET ANYBODY TAKE HORSE BEFORE TRIBE LEAVES!

YOU ARE SAVIN IT ME?

WE DONT CARE WHAT THE CHIEF SAYS---GET US TWO HORSES!





HERE TRACERS OF TWO
MEN WHO WEAR BOOTS
AND A MOCASSIN POINT
OUTLAW'S GO ON WITH
DRINKIN' WOLF!

THEN WHAT YOU SAY
'BOUT GRINNIN' WOLF?
HE TRUE? WE SET 'EM
QUICK! WE CALL 'EM
"COWS!"



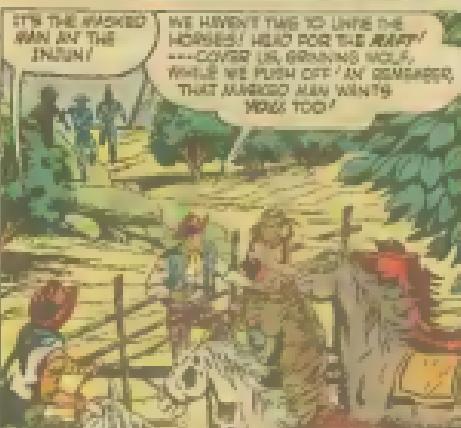
MEANWHILE...

BRAVE WHO GUARD HORSES
BUY ONLY CHIEF CAN TELL 'EM
TO LET SOME HORSES GO!

IF THAT'S HOW HE
WANTS IT, HE'LL GET
THE HORSES FOR
OURSELVES!



SHOT COME FROM
WHERE HORSES PICKETED
HEAD DOWN!



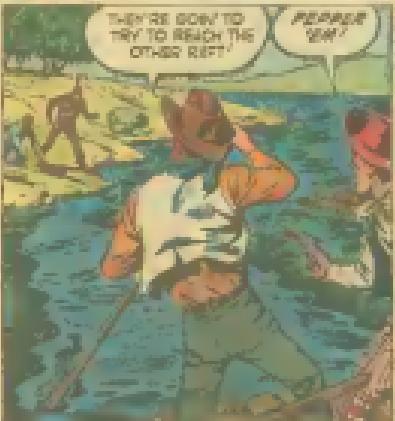
IT'S THE MASKED
MAN AT THE
INN!

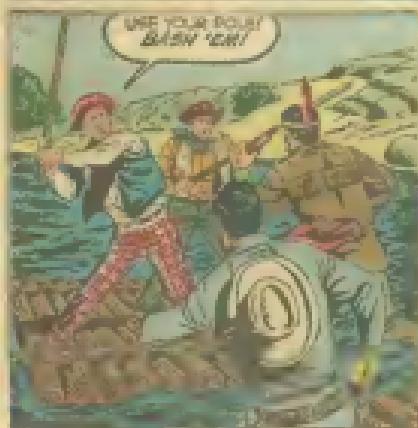
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO LINGER
THE HORSES! HEAD FOR THE JUNGLE!
---COVER US, GRINNIN' WOLF.
WHILE WE PUSH OFF, AN' REMEMBER,
THAT MASKED MAN WANTS
MEN TOO!



DOWN!

BANG!
BANG!







the Lone Ranger

Chinese Gold

WHEN GOLD WAS DISCOVERED NORTH OF BRAKE RIVER, THE HASTILY BURNIN'-TO-BEAT-THE-TIME TOWN OF CIREVILLE SPRANG UP.

OAK, YOU AN' PUS ARE GON' TO LIKE WORKIN' FOR ME IN CIREVILLE! THE TOWN'S GOT A PAPER, BUT NO SCHOOL, NO BANKS--AN' NO LAW OFFICE!

INDO, DID YOU SAY THERE WAS NO LAWMAN HERE?

THAT'S RIGHT, OAK! AND A LOT OF THE PROSPECTORS IN THE HILLS HAVE HIT IT RICH! THEY HADN'T TIME TO COME TO TOWN---BY THIRTY-NO-EV'EN ANYWAY! PICKIN' UP TRASH, JACKHORN! SHOULD BE EASY FOR YOU TWO!

---BUT I'VE SPENT ALL MY LIFE SAVIN' TO COME HERE AN' I'S...

...YOU STRUCK IT DACE, YOU'LL STRIKE GOLD AGAIN! AND I'LL BE THERE TO COLLECT THOSE DINGDOS, TOO!

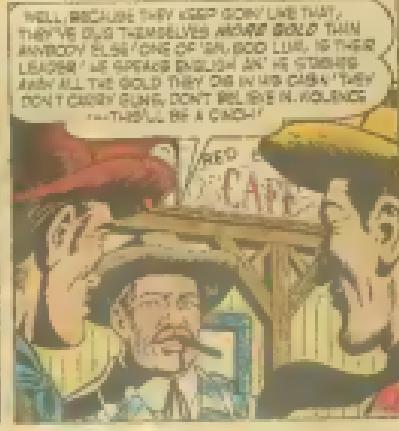
BY THE LONELY HILLS, GUNFIRE ECHOES...

NOW WHY'D WE HAVE TO REACH FOR HIS GUN? ALL WE ASKED HIM TO REACH FOR, CEE, WAS HIS GOLD!

AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE CIREVILLE SENTINEL...

YOU KNOW, RUTH, I'LL BET THE ONLY GASS WHO READ MY PAPER ARE CIRCUITS I WRITE ABOUT---AN' THEY READ IT FOR LAUGHS!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, TOWN FOLKS READ THE SENTINEL, BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER TO DAD THE UNLUCKINESS HERE!



THAT NIGHT AS THE LONG RANGER AND TONTO
REACH NORTH HILL...







MINUTES LATER, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO FOLLOW THE OUT-SAYS TRAIL INTO DODVILLE AND DISMOUNT...



THROWN A LIGHT IN THE SENTINEL OFFICE, BUT NO HOPES ARE DUCED! THIS CAFE SEEMS THE LIKELY PLACE TO LOOK FOR THE CROOKS!



BUT WE'LL NOT LET 'EM MURDER US! WE'LL STOP THOSE CHINeSE FIRST! TONIGHT!

YOUNG DARN SENTINEL! CERTAIN THAT WOUNDED MAN IS THE ONE I HIT? RIDE TO THE CHINeSE COLONY AND TALK THEM TO HIDE! THEN TAKE THIS SILVER BULLET TO HARRIET MCMLLENN IN GRAND CITY AND BRING HELPF! I'LL TRY TO STOP THE MOB!



SOCIAL... WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER ISSUE OF THE SENTINEL OFF THE PRESS AND...

...LOOK! A MACKED MAN!



PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED! I'VE REASONS FOR WEARING THIS MASK, BUT THERE ISN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN THEM NOW! I KNOW YOU'RE TOM SPENCER, EDITOR OF THE SPOTLIGHT, BUT I NEED YOUR HELP TO PREVENT A MASS MURDER TONIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



QUICKLY, THE LONG RANGER TELLS WHAT HE HAS OVERHEARD...

... AND THOUGH MY FRIEND TONTO WAS GONE TO HENAN THEN, THE CHINESE STILL MAY NOT BE NAIVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT NOW, NO ONE'LL BE SAFE! I'M CERTAIN PRO-ESSY IS USING PRIMVERA AS A FOOL TO STEAL THE CHINESE'S GOLD NOW AND LATER, THEY'LL USE THE SAME TACTIC TO ROB AND MURDER OTHER PEOPLE REGARDLESS OF RACE!



WE NEED A FEW MEN WHO'LL NOT BE AFRAID TO USE GUNS AGAINST A MOB!

DOCTOR ROSS WILL HELP, TOM!

AND THERE'S JET LANGHORN AND HIS SON, BO! I'LL BRAVE THEM HERE AT ONCE!



AND AS THE LONG RANGER RETURNS TO THE CAFE...

BO'S GOT THAT CROWD BOLTY MAD! THEY'VE GONE FOR THEIR GUNS 'N' BOOS!

I'D BETTER GONE THIS SIDE OF CHINESE GOLD AND THE REST OF US PICKING ALL THE WAY BACK IN THE DARK, TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE REST OF THE LOOT, WE'LL SWIM WHILE THE MOSES CHURNS THE CHINESE OFF NORTH HILL!



THE MARSHAL FROM BAKING CITY WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW WHERE THE MURKED EVIDENCE IS KEPT!

WHAT IN BLAZERS? — IT'S THE MARSHAL'S BAWL AGAIN!



SHUT UP! — SHUT UP!

I'LL PLUG AGAIN!









AS THE MEN ARE DESPERATE, THE LONE RANGER MAKES RED EJECT CHASER THE REAL, ACTIVE FOE, FORCING THE GUN...

...AND NOW YOU'VE HEARD HOW RED USED YOU. YOU MUST KNOW HOW IRISH YOU WERE / RED AND HIS MEN ARE THE CHINE WHO'VE BEEN SCARING THE PROSPECTORS / AND HE ALMOST ROBBED YOU OF --- HUMAN DECENCY / YOU WERE ATTACKING THE CHINESE MURKLY BECAUSE THEY WERE CHINESE / IF YOU DON'T FIGHT TO PRESERVE THE RIGHTS OF ALL AMERICANS, SOMEBODY YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF BACK ON HOWL OR LUNION ON THE OBJECT OF SOME HORROR'S PREJUDICE!



SOON AFTER, TOKYO ARRIVES WITH THE JEWISH...

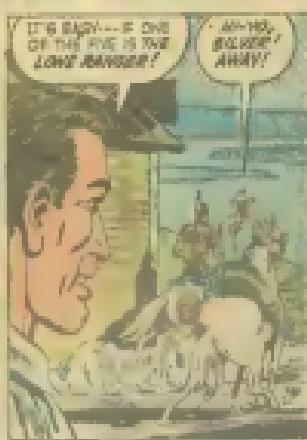
...YOU'LL FIND THE EVIDENCE YOU'LL NEED TO CONVICT RED AND HIS MEN IN THE COURT室!

I'LL LEAVE THAT FOR THE NEW SHERIFF I'VE BROUGHT WITH ME, IN RESPONSE TO TOM SPENCER'S LETTER! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE HOW JUST NOW I'VE STOPPED A MOB!



IT'S EASY --- IF ONE OF THE FIVE IS THE LONE RANGER!

AH-HO, EXCUSE ME AWAY!



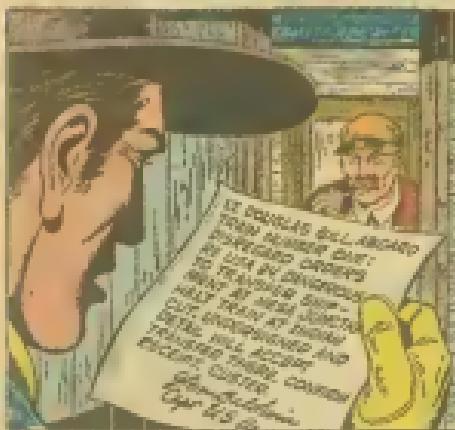
the Lone Ranger

A Message Goes Wrong

AS THE TRAIN FROM KANSAS CITY
DROPS FOR WATER AT BUCKERTON...

EXCELVANT BILLY! I GOT
A MESSAGE FOR YOU! CAME
OVER THE WIRE FROM MESA
JUNCTION A FEW MINUTES
AGO! READS EIGHTY
IMPERATIVE!

TO LIEUTENANT
DOUGLAS GILL!
LET ME SEE THE
MESSAGE!



SOON, AT MESA JUNCTION...



“SIR, I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU—YOU SAY IT’S THE RIGHT INFORMATION ABOUT THAT GOLD SHIPMENT! CODE WORDS AN’ ALL!”

“WHY SHOULDN’T IT BE? I STAYED IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF KANSAS CITY FOR MOREIN A FREEKIN’ TRAIN THOSE TELEGRAPH WIREZ THAT WENT TO THE ARMY POST!”

“AND I TAUGHT HARRY HOW TO USE THAT MADAM SO HE COULD GET THE RAILROAD JOB.”

“YEAH, AND YOU MADE AN OMELET HERE FOR HIM, TOO? LUCKY YOU DUCKED OUT BEFORE THE RAILROAD AGENTS CAUGHT YOU FOR SELLIN’ US THEIR CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION SO WHO STOP THE RIGHT TRAINS?”



“FORGET THAT, KID! LET’S GO OVER THE PLANS AGAIN!”

“ALL RIGHT! PEDRO COMES HERE AT FIVE AND TES’ WAKING UP AT EIGHT HUN’DO. HE’LL HAVE AN ALIBI ABOUT THE FALSE AMBUSH! WE KNOW THE CAPTAIN, WHO’S SUPPOSED TO MEET THE TRAIN, NEVER COMES TO THIS SHACK! HE STAYS BY THE GLOW! NO CHILL DRAWDERS HARRIS TELL IT’S TOO LATE!”



“WE’LL MEET THE TRAIN AT INDIAN CUT! I’VE GOT A STOLEN OFFICER’S UNIFORM IN MY BACKPACK! TOMORROW MORNING, HARRIS WILL LINE A MIRROR FROM HIS CABIN AN’ SIGNAL US AT THE HEAD-CUT TAPS AN’ I CAN RECEIVE! TELL UP HOW THINGS ARE GOIN’...

“...AND SEND SOMEONE DOWN WITH MY SHARE!”



“FIVE-THIRTY, AT INDIAN CUT...”

“LEUTENANT GILL—THE CAPTAIN BLOWN UP! DID YOU RECEIVE MY MESSAGE? OPEN THE DOOR AN’ MY DETAIL WILL TAKE OVER!”

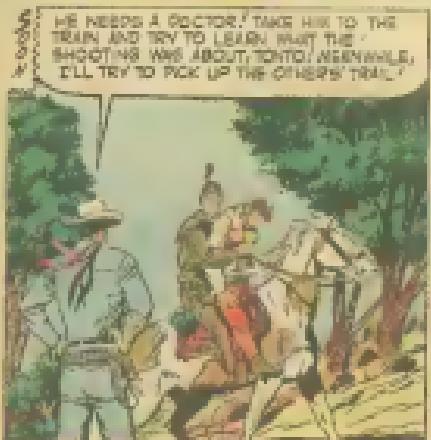
“RIGHT, CAPTAIN.”











Later, Tonto recaps and tells the lone ranger of the false message that led to the robbery...

The wounded man said Taps tried to kill him! He could have referred to Taps Worrell, one of the railroad's best telegraphers... until he was discovered giving the gang inside access to secret information that could explain the false telegraph message!



YOU SAID THE PILGRIM MESSAGE WAS SENT FROM MESA JUNCTION! THE OUTLAW TRIED HEADS THAT WAY! IT WILL BE DARK BEFORE WE REACH THE CITY, BUT WE'LL CAMP IN THE HILLS AND START SEARCHING FOR THEM AT DAYLIGHT! COME ON, SISTER!



Soon at Mesa Junction Lieutenant Bill
Bentley the robbery to Captain Baldwin.

But by thunder, who'd do
such a thing as this?

THE LEUTENANT SAID
IT CAME FROM HERE.
LET'S CHECK AT THE
TELEGRAPH SHACK!

THAT'S FUNNY, THERE'S NO LIGHT ON!
HARRY IS DUE TO GO HOME WITH
ME ABOUT AN HOUR FROM NOW!



HUBER

SOME THINGS AREN'T MADE TO
BE KEPT SECRET!



Quincy, whose wife has popularized the

-AND AFTER THEY LOCKED
ME IN THE CLOSET, THE MAN
WHO SENT THE FALLOWS, HAD
GONE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT,
STOLEAWAY AT THE KEY THE
MID OF THE AFTERNOON
HANDLIN' ROUTINE
REBAGED?

COVERIN' UP SO NO
ONE'D SUSPECT
ANYTHIN' WAS WRONG
HERE. I RECKON IT--
LIEUTENANT, YOU
SAID THE WOUNDED
MAN HAD ONE DAY,
I'LL BET HE HADN'T
TAKE MORTEL!





SOON... HARRIS, WHAT'S YOU MEAN THE SHERIFF WAS LOOSEN FOR ME?

TAPS, GARNER ISN'T DEAD---HE MENTIONED YOUR NAME!



WHAT'S YOU MEAN THE SHERIFF WAS LOOSEN FOR ME?

YOU ONLY THINK YOU DID ME EVER AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE A MILE FROM HERE! HE'S PREARIOU STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT WHEN HE COMES TO, HE MAY TALK! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU---HE HAS TO BE KILLED!



HARRIS, YOU'RE RIGHT! IF I'M ALIVE, I'LL COME BACK WHERE'S THE DOCTOR'S PLACE? I'LL GO THERE BEFORE GARNER HAS A CHANCE TO TELL ABOUT US AT THE HIDE-OUT!

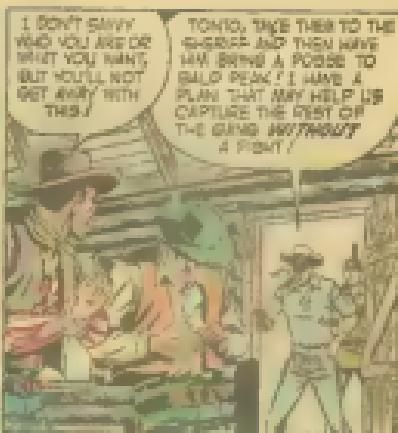


SOMETHIN' IS MAKIN' MY HORSE SPOKY!



TAPS, LOOK! A WRECKED MAN!---WELL, I'LL SEND HIS MESSAGIN' PREARIOU









APACHE RAISED



DRAWINGS BY RAYMOND L. HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE COOPER

The adobe walls of Tanner's Mail station lay black in the moonlight. Their solid shadow projected out toward the dusty white road. Then, suddenly, there was nothing!

The moon had gone under a cloud.

In the darkness a native spoke harshly, some distance from the buildings, spoke in clear Spanish—the language of both Indian and white.

"OIGAN, BLANCO! ARAÑA, YO!"

The voice spoke slowly—a few short phrases—and stopped. . . . The moon came out again! There was nobody in sight—nothing but the shadows of the rock overhangings around the station, where half a dozen Apaches might be hiding.

Inside the station, Boyd Tanner turned to the fifteen-year-old boy who stood near one of the open windows. In the dimness of the unlighted room, Tanner's face could not be seen, but the snarl in his voice was clear enough.

"Araña—that cursed Apache renegade! Tell me what he says, boy! You were raised with his breed of snakes!"

A gasp of protest came from a slender figure across the room, and a woman's gentle tones: "Boyd! You've no call to say such things! Johnny is my own son . . . and your stepson, too!"

Boyd Tanner turned on her, roughly.



"You've reminded me often enough, Laura," he snapped. "But he's more Apache than white—the way he acts, pussyfooting around! Now he can make himself useful! Well? What did that Indian yell at us, just now?"

"He made an offer," John Scott replied softly. "Araña said that if you, Tanner, will come out to him—bringing the Station horses and all the rifles, pistols, and ammunition—he and his warriors will spare the lives of everyone else here! If you refuse—then, by tomorrow, everybody inside the Station will be as dead as Jack and the mule out there in the yard!"

Tanner looked out at the still forms huddled in the moonlit yard—and snarled under his breath.

"Araña's sort because I took a shot at him last week! Now he's trying to score up! Tell him to go hang! If he jumps this station, I'll put a slug in his stomach. Tell him that!"

John Scott cupped his hands around his mouth, and called out in flood, singsong Apache. Then he closed the loopholed plank window shutter and turned to his stepmother.

"I told him what you said, Tanner," he stated quietly. "We may all be dead by tomorrow's sunrise—or sooner! But if you will give me a rifle, now—"

"NO!" bellowed the Station keeper. "You're not trusting me with a weapon! You're

enough Apache, in your mind, to shoot me in the back and let your red-skinned friends in here! Get into the other room!"

John Scott heard a sob from his gentle mother—and a soft exclamation of wonder from one of the two Mexican employees stationed at the other loopholes. But he himself did not speak. Silent-footed in his Indian moccasin, he entered the small room where his five-year-old sister June lay asleep—and closed the door.

The only window there was small—and divided by a hardwood bar set in the cement-like adobe. John Scott glanced at it, and smiled. Days ago, right after he'd arrived at the Station, he had cut through the bar at top and bottom, and hidden the cuts with adobe dust—because Tanner had threatened to shut him up there if he didn't behave.

Now, the boy stripped off his white-man clothes, down to an Apache loincloth. From under his straw bunk-mattress, he took his Apache bow and ten war-arrows. Still without a sound, he removed the window bar, and slipped out.

Moving only when the moonlight vanished under scudding clouds, he located Amaro; Mescolera raiders—located them by score, before he got near enough to count them. They were twenty tough, bloodthirsty warriors, hidden among the rocks.

They were not the tribe who had saved John Scott from boyhood—almost the sole survivor of a Covered Wagon train. Those were the Chiricahua Apaches—these under-



Amaro were Mescolera, and Johnny owed them no loyalty at all.

He was ready—the eyes adjusted to the dark, when Amaro gave the signal to attack. As the Mescolera moved toward the Station, Johnny kept them in their tracks—with a CHICAHUA war whoop! Then an arrow loosed almost as rapidly as a man could draw breath, drove to its mark! Yells of surprise answered it.

One of the Mescoleras was down, and as the rest sensed what was happening, they melted away. Just to make sure that they kept on going, Johnny sent two more arrows, on longer stalks, after them. . . .

The sounds of this strange battle had not escaped the watchers inside the Station walls. To Johnny's ears came the opening of the bedroom door, and Royd Tanner's startled curse at sight of the unbarred window. Dimly, Johnny glimpsed the man's white face, looking out. . . .

A rifle slammed its heavy report—but it came from the rocks where Amaro lay with an arrow in him. Then the focus of the window was gone!

Once more the rifle spoke—with a muffled thud. Amaro, mortally wounded by Johnny's arrow, had ended his own wicked career.

As silent as a shadow, Johnny Scott slipped away. At the river he would have a long, cool drink. Then, by daylight, he would return to his mother and his little sister—who were safe once more!



YOUNG HAWK





FEELING WARM AND SAFE IN THEIR TINY SLEEPING CAVE, THE BOYS AND THEIR PET BISON REST DEEPLY--- WITH NO THOUGHT OF DANGER!



BUT AT FIRST MORNING LIGHT, CHANCE TAKES A HAND! FOUR CROW BUFFALO HUNTERS COME STEALING UP-WIND---AND UP THE SALLY---TO SURPRISE A BUNCH OF BUFFALO THEY HAVE SPOTTED.



SUDDENLY, THE LEADING CROW STEPPERS ---



IN RAPID SIGN LANGUAGE, THE FOUR DECIDE TO TAKE THE TWO STRANGERS ALIVE.



STRONG HANDS JERK THE BOYS OUT BY THE FEET



DESPITE THEIR STRUGGLES, THE HANDBAN YOUTHS ARE OVERPOWERED



THE YOUNG HAWK EXPLODES INTO ACTION--
MURKING ONE ENEMY BACK---PRICKING THE
OTHER, WITH HIS KNIFE POINT.



AS YOUNG HAWK COMES TO HIS FEET, A GROWL
AIMS A DEADLY BLOW WITH HIS STONE AXE.



BUT LITTLE BROTHER, EVER READY FOR BATTLE,
FLIES INTO THE AXEMAN'S FACE. NEEDLE-SHARP
TALONS RIP THROUGH THE SKIN!



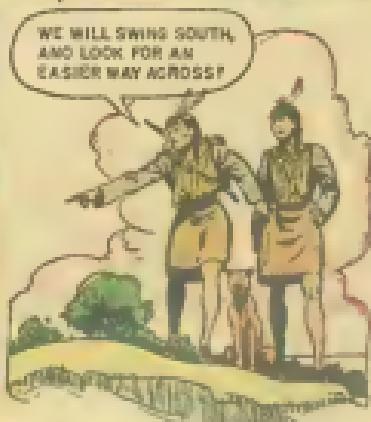
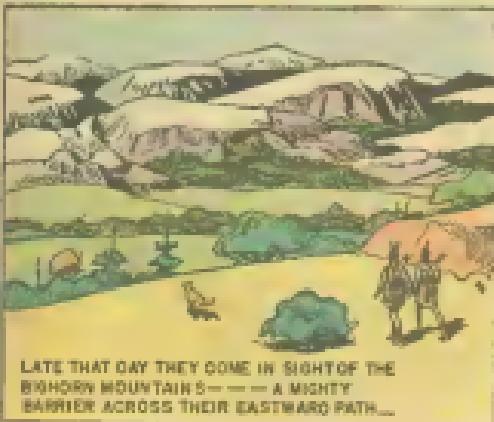
A FIERCE LITTLE BEAR SLICED
ANOTHER BUCK & MOGET

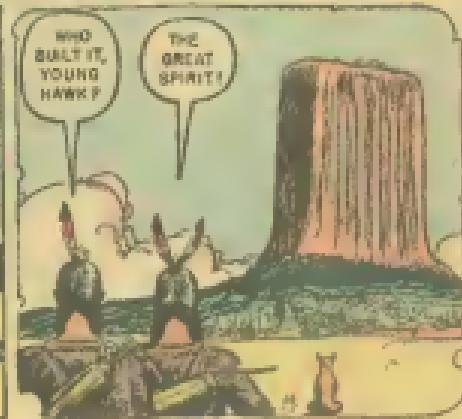
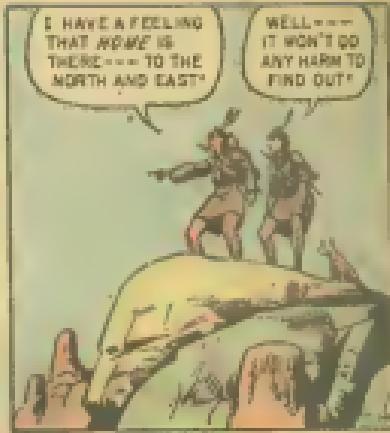


TINY WHINE BUPPET ANOTHER, WHILE
LITTLE BROTHER'S PIERCING HANK
SCREAM THUGGERS WORSE MAYHEM



ALL AT ONCE THE FOWLS BREAK AND RUN, TURNED
FIRE AT SOMETHING THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND---
"WHY A BIRD SHOULD FIGHT FOR THEIR ENEMIES!"





THE STORY THE OLD ONES TELL IS THAT TWO CHILDREN WERE BEING CHASED BY A GREAT BEAR. IN THEIR FRIGHT THEY PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT TO SAVE THEM, AND THE MANITOOS DID SO, BY RAISING THE GROUND BEHIND THEM SO HIGH AND SO FAST THAT THE BEAR COULD NOT REACH THEM!

AND THOSE DEEP GROOVES IN THE SIDES OF THE TOWER ARE THE MARKS OF THE GREAT BEAR'S CLAWS, AS HE TRIED TO CLIMB IT!

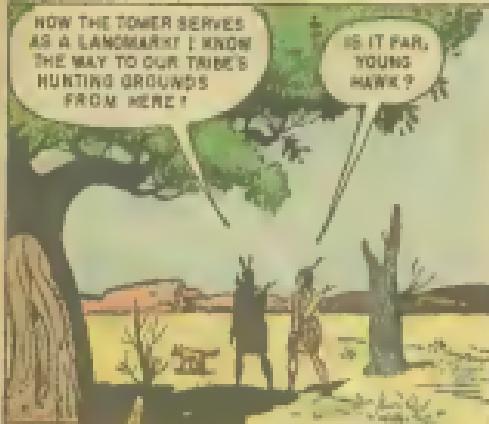
WAGHT IT MUST BE 80' THE CLAW MARKS ARE THE PROOF!



NOW THE TOWER SERVES AS A LANDMARK! I KNOW THE WAY TO OUR TRIBE'S HUNTING GROUNDS FROM HERE!

IS IT FAR, YOUNG HAWK?

WE MUST FIND A RIVER THAT FLOWS EASTWARD TO JOIN THE GREAT RIVER. THE MISSOURI HEAR THE HEADWATERS OF THE GREAT RIVER IS OUR HOME! IT IS STILL MANY SLEEPS FROM HERE!



AFTER DAYS OF FORCED MARCH--

A RIVER---FLOWING EAST! WE WILL FOLLOW THIS ONE, LITTLE BUCK!

IF ONLY WE COULD TRAVEL BY CANOE! BUT IT'S A LOT OF WORK TO BUILD ONE!

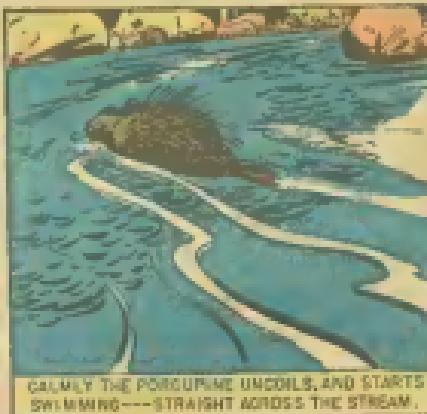


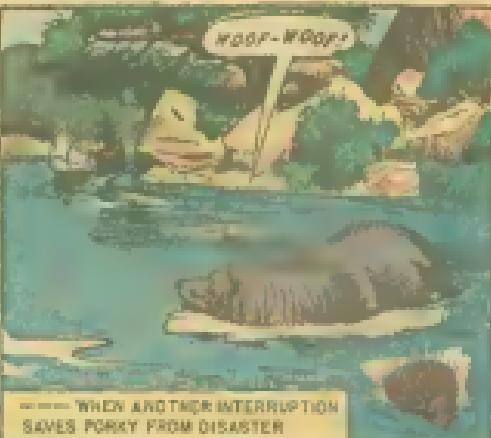
MILE 8 FARTHER---WHEN A FORCED DETOUR BRINGS THEM BACK TO THE STREAM---

PEST! THERE IS THE RIVER, JUST BELOW US --- AND SOMETHING ELSE LISTEN!

WOOF! BARK... WOOF!









SUDDENLY SHE ROLLS UNDER, THRASHING IN DEATH THROES! AND THE TERRIFIED GIRL STROKES FOR SHORE.



GOOD WORK, LITTLE BUCK! IS THE CANOE MUCH DAMAGED?

WE CAN REPAIR IT EASILY! AND I FOUND THE BEAR---DEAD IN THE SHALLOWS, YOUNG HAWK!



YES! WE ARE MANDANS
—LITTLE BUCK AND I SPEAK SHOSHONE, TOO!
BUT NOW I WILL BUILD A FIRE TO DRY YOU!



ME WILL GO AND SKIN THE BEAR NOW, AND PREPARE THE MEAT---WHILE YOU DRY YOURSELF, MAIDEN---

NE-QUMA IS MY NAME!
YOU ARE GOOD TO ME, YOUNG WARRIOR!



New Adventures Every Month in Lone Ranger Comics!

And you can be sure of getting every single issue by subscribing right now to Lone Ranger Comics. It's a terrific bargain, too — 12 exciting issues — a full year's subscription costs only \$1.

And in addition we have a wonderful FREE gift for every new subscriber — Here it is — the Dell Comics Magic Window Set! This exciting FREE gift makes everyone a magician. Even the youngest person can mystify the oldest.



Hurry! Clip the coupon now and take advantage of this exciting Lone Ranger subscription offer. Just \$1 for 12 big, 32 page issues plus a handsome membership certificate in the Dell Comics Club — AND this Wonderful Magic Window Set FREE!

NOTE: You don't have to miss this wonderful FREE offer if you are already a subscriber. We'll start your new subscription when your old one expires.



----- CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE -----

Dept. 4-LR Mail to **DELL PUBLISHING CO., Inc.**, 10 W. 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. 4-LR

(Please use this side for your own subscription)

Please enter Subscription to **LONE RANGER** Comics. Include **FREE MAGIC WINDOW SET** and also Dell Comics Club Membership Certificate.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 1 year-12 issues \$1.00

2 years-24 issues \$1.95 3 years-36 issues \$2.70

I am enclosing remittance for \$..... in full payment

Name Age

St. and No.

City Zone State

Canada: 1 yr. \$1.20; 2 yrs. \$2.40; 3 yrs. \$3.00

(Please use this side for gift subscription)

Please enter Subscription to **LONE RANGER** Comics. Include **FREE MAGIC WINDOW SET** and also Dell Comics Club Membership Certificate.

Name Age

St. and No.

City Zone State

(Please list additional names on separate sheet)

I am enclosing remittance for \$..... in full payment
ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM!

Order's Name

St. and No.

City Zone State

for that trip into **SPACE...**

for **PEP** and

GOOD EATING

take along Delicious



Baby Ruth

CURTISS

CANDY...enriched with dextrose/¹⁶ food energy/¹⁶ sugar



CURTISS



makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip, Honeydew, Self-Pops, Fruit Drags and Mints

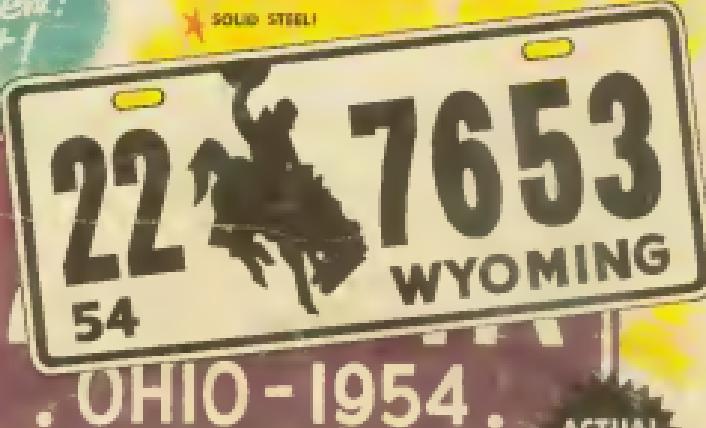
SEND FOR THIS BIG

WHEATIES

OFFER NOW!

Grand new!
Just out!

SOLID STEEL



ACTUAL
SIZE

Related Numbers
—Just like
Dad's license!

MINIATURE SOLID STEEL

1954 LICENSE PLATES

From all 48 States!

WEST STATES SET

1. North Dakota
2. South Dakota
3. Nebraska
4. Kansas
5. Minnesota
6. Iowa
7. Missouri
8. Illinois
9. Wisconsin
10. Michigan
11. Indiana
12. Ohio

EASTERN STATES SET

1. Maine
2. New Hampshire
3. Vermont
4. Massachusetts
5. Connecticut
6. Rhode Island
7. New York
8. Pennsylvania
9. New Jersey
10. Delaware
11. Maryland
12. West Virginia

SOUTHERN STATES SET

1. Virginia
2. North Carolina
3. Mississippi
4. Alabama
5. Georgia
6. Florida
7. South Carolina
8. North Carolina
9. Tennessee
10. Arkansas
11. Oklahoma
12. Kentucky

WESTERN STATES SET

1. Washington
2. Oregon
3. California
4. Montana
5. Idaho
6. Wyoming
7. Arizona
8. Utah
9. New Mexico
10. Colorado
11. Wyoming
12. Montana

HURRY! WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!

Mail to GENERAL MILLS, Box 1750, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Check set or any desired license 25¢ for stamps please) and Wheaties boxtop for each set ordered, except Boxes 201 for which enclose \$1.00 and POW! (4) Wheaties boxtops.

MIDWEST EASTERN SOUTHERN WESTERN SPECIAL SET

NAME (print)

ADDRESS (print)

CITY (print)

STATE

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER

Enclose an additional plate
including 10¢ postage
all 4 sets included
Only \$1.00 and
4 Wheaties boxtops!

WHEATIES

Breakfast of Champions

